

The KING and the NORTHERN MAN;

S H E W I N G,

How a poor *Northumberland* Man, Tenant to the King, being wronged by a Lawyer, his Neighbour, went to the King himself to make known his Grievances. To the tune of *Slat*.



TO drive away the weary Day,
A Book I chanc'd to take in Hand,
And therein read I most seriously,
A Story as you'll understand.
Perusing many a History o'er,
Amongst the Leaves I chanc'd to view,
The Book's Name, and the Title was,
A Lesson too good to be true.
I read of a *Northumberland* Man,
Born and brought up in the King's Land,
He paid Twenty Shillings Rent a Year
To the King as I do understand.
By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
That with his Farm was not content;
But o'er the poor Man hung his Nose,
Because he gather'd the King's Rent.
He told him, he is Lease did forfeit,
And he must there not long abide,
The King by such had great Deceit,
For you the World is broad and wide.
The poor Man pray'd him for to cease,
Content himself, if he'd be willing,
And pick no Advantage in my Lease,
And I will give thee Forty Shilling.
Not Forty Shilling, nor Forty Pound,
I'll warrant thee, nor can we agree,
Unless thou yield thy Farm so round,
And bow unto my Courtesy.
The poor Man said, he wouldn't do so,
His Wife and Bairns would make ill Work;
If thou with my Farm will let me be,
Thou gude Fellow, I'll give thee five Mark.
The Lawyer would not be content,
But rather the Matter he meant to swell,
The Neighbours bad him provide his Rent,
And make Submission to the King himself.

He got a Staff upon his Back,
A *Jack*, I say, that made of *Crack*.
With a blue Bonnet, he thought it no lack,
And to the King he fast did hie.
He had not gone a Mile from Town,
But one of his Neighbours he did spy,
How far is't to the King? For thither I'm bound,
As fast as ever I can hie.
I am sorry for you, Neighbour, he said,
For your Simplicity I make Moan,
I'll warrant you, you may ask for the King,
When nine Days Journey you have gone.
Had I wist the King had won so far,
I'd never sought him a Mile from Town,
He's either ha' sought me, or we'd ne'er come near,
At home I'd rather ha' spent a Crown.
But when he came to *London* City,
Of every Man for the King he did call,
They told him he needed no Pity,
For the King now lives at *Whitehall*.
With 'spying of Farlies in the City,
Because he had ne'er been there before,
He lay so long in Bed the next Day,
The Court was removed to *Windsor* that Morn.
You ha' lain too long, said the kind Host,
You ha' lain too long by a great While;
The King is now to *Windsor* gone,
He's further gone by Twenty Mile.
I think I was curs'd, said the poor Man,
If I had been wife I might ha' consider'd,
Be like the King of me has got some wor,
He had ne'er gone away had I not come hither.
He fled not for you, then said the Host,
But hie to *Windsor* as fast as you may,
Be sure it will require your Cost,
For look what is past the King will pay.

But when he came to *Windsor* Castle,
With his humble Staff upon his Back,
Although the Gates quite open stood,
He laid on them till he made them crack.
Stay, Friend, art thou mad? quoth the Porter,
What makes thee keep this Stile To-day?
Why, I am a Tenant of the King's,
And have a Message to him to say.
The King hath Men enough, said the Porter,
Your Message well, that they can say;
Why, there's ne'er a Knave the King does keep,
Shall ken my secret Mind To-day.
It was told e'er I came from home,
E'er I got thither it would be dear bought,
Let me in, I'll give thee a single penny,
Thou'lt take small e'er thou do it for nought.
Cra' Mercy, said the Porter then,
Thy Reward is great, I can't say thee nay;
Yonder's a Nobleman within the Court,
We'll hear what he can say.
When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
He said he would shew him some Sport,
There's such a Clown come to the Gate,
As came not this seven Years to Court.
He calls all Knaves the King does keep,
He raps at the Gate, and makes great Din,
He's passing liberal of Reward,
He'd give a single Penny to be in.
Let him in, then said the Nobleman,
Come in, Fellow, the Porter did say;
If thou come in thyself, he said,
Thy Staff behind the Gate must stay.
This Cuckold's Cur must lig behind,
What a Cur has thou now brought with thee?
The King will take him up for his own self,
I'll warrant, when he doth him see.
Beshrew my Limbs, then said the poor Man,
Then may thou count me Fool or worse,
Wor not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
For want of Money may pick my Purse.
Let him in with his Staff and Dog, said the Lord;
He gave a Nod with's Head, and beck with his Knee,
If you be Sir King, then said the poor Man,
As I can very well think ye be.
For I was told e'er I came from home,
You're the godliest Man e'er I saw before,
With so many Jingle Jangles about one's Neck,
As is about yours I never saw none.
I am not the King, said the Nobleman,
Fellow, thou' I have a proud Coat,
If you're not the King, help me to speak with him,
You seem a good Fellow, I'll give you a Groat.
Cra' Mercy, said the Nobleman,
The Reward is great I can't say thee nay;
I'll know the King's Pleasure if I can,
Till I come again before thou stay.
Here's like a Staying, said the poor Man,
Like the King's better than in our Country,
I might ha' gone to the farthest Nook in the House,
Neither Lad nor Loon to trouble me.
When the Nobleman came unto the King,
He said, he would shew his Grate good Sport,
Here's such a Clown come to the Gate,
As came not this seven Years to Court.
He calls all Knaves your Highness keeps,
And more than that he teems them worse,
He'll not come in without his Staff and Dog,
For fear some Bankrupt pick his Purse.

Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed and sold by J. White, where Country Chapmen may be served with small Histories, Sermons, and Ballads.

Let him in with his Staff, then said our King,
That of his Sport we may see some,
We'll see how he'll handle every Thing,
As soon as our March of Bowls is done.
The Nobleman led him thro' many a Room,
And through many a Gallery gay,
What D—! doth the King with so many Houses,
He gets them not fill'd with Corn and Hay.
At last he spy'd the King in a Garden,
Yet from his Game he did not start;
The Day was hot, he cast off his Doublet,
He had nothing from his Waste but his Shirt.
Lo, yonder's the King, said the Nobleman,
Behold, good Fellow, where he goes:
I believe he is some Unthrif, says the poor Man,
That has lost his Money and pawn'd his Cloaths.
But when he came before the King,
The Nobleman bid him coustene:
The poor Man follow'd after him,
Gave a Nod with his Head, and beck'd with's Knee.
And if you be Sir King, said the poor Man,
As I can hardly think you be,
Here is a good Fellow hath brought me hither,
Is liker to be the King than ye.
I am the King, his Grace then said,
Fellow, let me thy Case understand
If you be Sir King, I'm a Tenant of yours,
That was born and brought up in your own Land.
There dwells a Lawyer hard by me,
And a Fault in my Lease he saith he hath found,
And all for felling five poor Ashes,
To build a House on your own Ground.
Hast thou a Lease here? said our King,
Canst thou show me the Deed?
He gave it into the King's own Hand,
And said, Sir, here 'tis, if you can read.
Let's see thy Lease, then said the King,
Then from his black Box he pull'd it out,
He gave it into the King's own Hand,
With five Knots ty'd fast in a Clout.
We'll ne'er unloose the Knots, said the King,
He gave it to one that behind him did stay.
It is a proud Horse, then said the poor Man,
Will not carry his Provender along the Highway.
Pay me forty Shillings as I'll pay you,
I will not think much to loose a Knot,
I would I were so occupy'd every Day,
I'd unloose a Score of them for a Groat.
When the King had got these Letters read,
And found the Truth was really so;
I warrant thou hast not forfeited thy Lease,
If thou hadst sell'd five Ashes more.
Ay, every one can warrant me,
All your Warrants are not worth a Flee;
He that troubles me will not let me go,
Neither cares for Warrants of you nor me.
Thou'lt have an Injunction said our King,
From troubling of thee he will cease,
He'll either shew thee good Cause why,
Or else he'll let thee live in Peace.
What's that Injunction, said the poor Man,
Good Sir, to me I pray you say.
Why, it is a Letter I'll cause to be written,
But art thou simple as thou shew'st to be?
Why, if it be a Letter, I'm ne'er the better,
Keep it to thyself, and trouble not me,
I could have a Letter writ cheaper at home,
And ne'er come out of my own Country.

Thou hast an Attachment said our King,
Charge all you see to take your Part,
Till he pay thee an hundred Pounds,
Before thou never let him start.
If any seem against thee to stand,
Before thou come hither straightway:
Ay marry, is that all I'll get for my Labour,
Then I may come trotting every Day.
Thou art hard of Belief, then said our King,
To please him with Letters he was willing,
I see you have taken great Pains in writing,
With all my Heart I'll give a Shilling.
I'll have one of thy Shilling then said the King,
Man with thy Money God thee win.
He threw it into the King's Bosom,
The Money lay cold next to his Skin.
Beshrew my Heart, then said our King,
Thou art a Carl somewhat too bold,
Dost thou not see I am hot with bowling,
And the Money next to my Skin lies cold.
I ne'er wist that before, said the poor Man,
Before like a Time as I came hither,
If the Lawyers of our Country thought 'twas cold,
They would not heap so much together.
The King call'd up his Treasurer,
And bid him fetch up twenty Pound;
If ever thy Errand lies here away,
I'll bear thy Charges up and down.
When the poor Man saw the Gold down tender'd
For to receive it he was willing,
If I thought the King had so mickle Gold,
Beshrew my Heart, I'd kept my Shilling.
The poor Man got home the next Sunday,
The Lawyer soon did him espy,
Oh! you have been a Stranger long,
I think from me you have kept by.
It was from you indeed says the poor Man,
The Matter to the King I just did tell,
Did as my Neighbour put into my Head,
And made a Submission to him myself.
What D—! didst thou with the King, says the Lawyer,
Could not Friends and Neighbours agree thee and me?
The D—! a Friend or a Neighbour that I had,
That would have been such a Day's Man as he.
He gave me a Letter, I know not what they call't,
But if the King's Word be true to me,
When you have read and perus'd it over,
I hope you'll live and let me be.
He has given me another, I know not what it is,
But I charge you all to hold him fast;
Till he pay me an hundred Pounds,
I will go tie him fast to a Post.
This is very strange the Lawyer then said,
Then the Attachment was read before them there,
Thou must needs something credit me,
Till I go home and fetch some mair.
Credit, nay, that is it the King forbid,
He bad if I got thee, I should thee stay:
The Lawyer paid him an hundred Pound,
In ready Money e'er he went away.
Would every Lawyer was served thus,
From troubling poor Men they would cease,
They'd either shew them good Cause why,
Or else they'd let them live in Peace.
And thus I end my merry Song,
Which shews the plain Man's Simpleness,
And the King's great Mercy in righting Wrongs,
And the Lawyer's Fraud and Wickedness.